THY BROTHER.

When thy heart with joy o'erflowing
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, O let thy brother
With thee share.

When the harvest sheaves ingathered
Fills thy barns with store,
To thy God, and to thy brother,
Give the more.

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed—
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

—Theodore C. Williams.

A * LYING * LOVE.

MR. GREGORY Gilmour, solicitor, Wakefield, in the County of York, was believed by a great number of deep-sighted people to be one of the 'cutest lawyers in England. He was something more. He was an astute man of the world, who dearly loved pleasure, but who had far too hard a head to ever allow the unruly jade to run away with him. His wife had died in giving birth to his only son, Frank, and he was certainly one of the gayest widowers Wakefield had ever seen.

He hunted, he kept a liberal table, and he made love with a reckless liberality that not a little scandalized some of the good people of his native town. At the period of our story he was fifty years of age, upright as a dart, tall, slim, with a young, fresh-colored, hairless face. His appearance had not altered since he was thirty years of age, and it appeared probable that another twenty years might pass over him without producing any material change.

One day his son, who, without taking the trouble to notify his father, was about to marry the lady of his heart, received a letter from his father ordering him to go to Wakefield upon business of the utmost importance. When he reached his home he was surprised to learn that Mr. Gilmour had been called suddenly away to the North. He had, however, left a message to the effect that his son was to remain in Wakefield until his return.

He stayed in the pleasant, sleepy little town for some ten days, at the end of which period the post brought him two remarkable letters.

One was from lady love. It contained three words:

"Goodby for ever."

The other was signed by a Mrs. Chambers, under whose roof Frank had first met the woman of his choice.

It implored him to return at once to Paisley. Some villain, she said, had stolen Rosa's heart from him, and the poor, bewitched girl had run away with her new love.

Frank read these letters with amazement. At first he refused to belive that Rosa, whom he had loved with such unselfish devotion, had tricked and jilted him. He had such faith in her truth and purity that it seemed impossible for him to associate her with aught that was dishonest and cruel. During his tedious journey to Paisley he promised himself that Mrs. Chambers had been mistaken, and that when he came to thoroughly sift the matter he would find that his darling Rosa had been wonderfully misjudged. But when he entered the little house his heart fell within him and nearly all his hope fled. The good old lady had so changed that he scarcely knew her. Her eyes were red with weeping and deep purple rings surrounded them. The kindly face was worn and haggard and was sadly thin.

He took both her trembling hands and pressed them gently in silence. Then he led her to a chair and said:

"Tell me everything. Do not spare me one detail. I can bear the truth better than doubt."

Ere she could speak Mrs. Chambers's tears flowed fast.

"My tale is a short one," she said at last. "Dear, dear! it all seems like a nasty dream. Sometimes I sit here and fancy that her bright face will appear before me as it used, and that all that troubles me is but the wandering of an idle, foolish brain. I am sorry for you, Mr. Gilmour; indeed, indeed I am."

"Come, come," he said; "compose yourself, and let me know the whole miserable truth."

"Soon after you went away," said the tearful woman, "I noticed a great change in Rosa's manner. She became absent-minded, dull, and more than once I saw that she had been weeping. I pressed her to tell me the cause of her sorrow, but she always maintained that she was very happy and she had nothing to grieve her. She went out more frequently than she had been in the habit of doing, and often at inconvenient hours. I did not care to chide her, but I confess that her frequent absence from home perplexed me. Perhaps I ought to have inquired more strictly into her movements, and God forgive me if I did not take sufficient care of her. Thinking that she would soon leave to be your wife I felt that it would be ungracious of me at such a time to scold her or to compel her to pay more attention to her duties. One afternoon a gossiping woman, who often comes into my shop, told me she had seen Rosa walking arm in arm with a gentleman in a little used thoroughfare in the outskirts of the town. I lost my temper, and I declared that the woman's statement was untrue; Nevertheless I questioned Rosa on the subject. She indignantly denied the accusation, but something in her manner convinced me that she was guilty. I cannot properly explain to you what a cruel shock this discovery was to me. I was too upset to pursue the subject then, but I resolved that when evening came, and after the shop was closed and we were alone, that I would strive to bring her to a sense of her duty to me. But I never saw her again. Within half an hour after I had spoken to her she had flown, and this was all she left behind her."

Mrs. Chambers drew a crumpled letter from her pocket and gave it to Frank; then she buried her face in her handkerchief and appeared to be disinclined for further conversation. This was the letter Rosa left for Mrs. Chambers. It was written hastily and there was a certain hardness about the phraseology that bespoke a heart numbed by grief:

"You have been kinder to me than my mother ever was, and you will think me very bad and ungrateful to leave you as I do. God knows I have no chance. I must go, and go even as I go now. It is all for the best—for you, for Mr. Gilmour, for my wretched self."

[illegible] it ended. She had forgotten to [illegible] her name.

"Is there nothing else?" he asked, [illegible] a low tone—"no other clew?"

For some time Mrs. Chambers remained silent. After an effort she said, though still hiding her face:

"She did leave something else, but not willingly—not knowingly."

"What did she leave?" he asked anxiously.

After another pause she placed a key in his hand, saying:

"That is the key of her bedroom. I have kept it locked ever since she left. On her dressing table you will find something I picked up from the floor."

She turned from him, for her heart was so full she could scarcely speak. He pressed her forehead gently with his lips and left her.

As Frank went up stairs, lightly holding the key she had given him in his hand, he muttered between his set teeth:

"I will find the man who has taken her from me, and when I find him I will kill him."

He paused before her door. He turned the lock with strange reluctance, and when he stood upon the threshold of the little room, which was still fragrant with the odor of sweet flowers, he again hesitated.

She had gone and was unworthy of him; she has proved truthless, and he of all men should no respect for her. Still that apartment seemed to him sacred, and a feeling of guilt took possession of him as he entered it. He walked to the dressing table and at first he saw nothing. Then he noticed that a photograph was on the centre of it, lying face downward. He thrust his hand out greedily to secure it—the thought running through his brain that it was the likeness of the man who robbed him of his love, and that now he would not have much trouble in tracking him.

He picked up the carte. There were some words written on the back of it, and these he read with a feverish haste. As he perused them his face became even more pallid than before, and beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. These words were:

"Yours very dearly. Gregory Gilmour."

He let the thing fall from his hands. As it fell it turned, and now it lay upon the dressing table face upward. This face was his father's—the face of Gregory Gilmour, of Wakefield, solicitor and esquire.

Mr. Gregory Gilmour, composed, pleasant looking, and dressed irreproachably, sat in his easy chair, sometimes smiling, more often studying his almond nails. Before him—white, passionate, a fiery indignation blazing in his eyes—stood his son, speaking hoarsely, and trembling as he spoke.

"I swore in my heart," Frank declared, with intense though subdued earnestness, "that when I discovered the man who had stolen her from me I would kill him. I had scarcely so sworn before the horrid truth was made manifest to me that the scoundrel was my father, and, being my father, his villainy must go unpunished."

Mr. Gilmour smiled.

"Well done, Frank! Quite melodramatic I declare. When I was your age I would have done the same thing myself; though perhaps not quite so well—not quite so well."

"Don't mock my misery," the young man cried, impetuously. "It is a hard, a bittter, a wicked feeling to cherish, but I despise you, I abhor your name. I wish to God I had died before I knew this shame."

"Sons," said Mr. Gilmour, with a tinge of bitterness in his tone, "are slow to pardon their parents' errors. This is strange, seeing how much parents have to forgive. Even now I am doing a great thing—I am pardoning your insolence."

Frank turned from the speaker with a gesture of impatience and disgust.

"Come, young gentleman"—Mr. Gilmour spoke authoritatively—"I want to talk to you. Don't run away; so far you have had all the conversation to yourself. You must now listen to me." Seeing that Frank evinced no disposition to remain in the room, he cried, sternly:

"Sit down, sir! While you are in my house you shall obey me."

Sullenly Frank threw himself into a distant chair, and his father again smiled.

"I've a little story to tell you, Frank. It is all about the young lady you know by the name of Rosa Noyce. Last year, while you were away in Scotland, I became mixed up with a very extraordinary forgery case. The crime had been committed in London, but one of the principal sufferers chanced to be my very oldest client, and so it came that I was consulted about the matter. I need not bother you with the details of the case. The important facts for you to know are simply these: The culprit was a man named Morris, a heartless, designing knave, who, unfortunately for society, had the fascinating manner of a cultivated man of means. Men of the world were deceived by his plausible tongue and his elegant exterior, and he was particularly successful in blinding the ladies. Some time before his conviction he had won the confidence and affection of a young lady of blameless life and good family. He induced her to run away from home to be secretly married to him. Shortly after this union the infatuated girl discovered the true character of the fellow who had tempted her to forget her duty to her father. She was wedded to a penniless swindler of the worst class. What the feelings of a confiding, stainless girl would be upon making such a discovery you can perhaps understand. She regarded her husband with abhorrence, and she hated himself for ever having listened to him. She resolved that she would leave him forever. Taking nothing with her but a small handbag, she escaped from her husband's house, and was never heard of again by her friends. Some thought that she was dead—others, that she had gone abroad. It happened that before her marriage to this fellow Morris I had known her and her family, and during the time we were prosecuting him I often thought of the poor deceived girl. He was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. What I have to tell you now directly concerns you.

Mechanically the young man did as he was told. A change was slowly passing over his face. His head was no longer bent upon his chest. He looked into his father's eyes eagerly.

"My friend at Glasgow, in whose office I placed you some time back, recently wrote to me to the effect that you were making an ass of yourself over some obscure girl at Paisley. Mr. Redfern had seen you with her at Glasgow, and it had come to his knowledge that you had taken a house, and it was pretty evident that you intended marrying her almost immediately. Since you had not thought it worth while to consult me upon the subject, I determined to see for myself the woman you contemplated giving your name to, I wrote to you asking you to come here, and I journeyed to Glasgow. Mr. Redfern accompanied me to Paisley. I was saved the trouble of calling upon Mrs. Chambers, for in the street we met the young lady to whom you were engaged. To my amazement I recognized her. She was Mrs. Morris, the convict's wife."

"I was afraid that was coming," said Frank, in a low, nerveless tone.

"I had always sympathized with the girl's unhappy lot, but my sympathy was not sufficiently strong to close my eyes to the fact that the bigamous marriage she proposed would irretrievably ruin my son. I had more than one interview with her, and at these interviews I urged her to abandon you. She said that she could never look you in the face if she jilted you. I advised her to leave Paisley. I provided her with the necessary funds. I had, I thought, at least saved my son much pain and suffering."

"You must forgive me my violence," Frank pleaded in a scarcely audible tone. "I am sorry for the words I used to you just now. Still—still," he went on wistfully, "perhaps I would rather have been left in ignorance."

"Wait until you have heard all I have to say;" he smiled at Frank as he spoke. "When I saw Mrs. Morris at Paisley I had no idea that her wicked husband was dead—"

"Dead," cried Frank, joyfully, "dead?"

"Yes, dead. The foolish girl did not tell me so. She imagined that I objected to her marriage with my son because her husband had been a convict, and not because I thought he was still alive. It appears that he died in his cell——"

"Thank God for that!" Frank murmured, forgetting how indecent his gratitude was.

"Now that the girl is free," Mr. Gilmour went on, "I confess I am indifferent whether you marry the young lady or not. I may, however, mention that within the past few days Rosa's father has also died and has left her a large sum of money, nearly £15,000, and that Rosa herself is in this house at this present moment."

Frank started from his chair and ran to the door. Suddenly he paused. Turning to his father he said:

"On Rosa's table I found a photograph."

"Possibly," Mr. Gilmour returned, dryly. "It seems that at one of our interviews I dropped it—pulled it out with my handkerchief, or something of that kind, and she carried it home with her, intending to give it back to me. In a few days you'll know who it was intended for. I am tired of being a bachelor. There, you mercenary young rascal, go and comfort your £15,000."

Ere his father had finished speaking Frank had left the room. In another moment Rosa was nestling in his arms.

"When I went to Paisley," he whispered. "I thought that you were a Lying Love——"

"And so I was," she said, dropping her swimming eyes; "but I could not ——." She said no more. His passionate kisses smothered her words.—Boston (England) Guardian.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Truth is a rock large enough for all to stand upon.

Caution is often wasted, but is a very good risk to take.

A reasonable woman is one who is not always unreasonable.

If some men were to lose their reputation they would be lucky.

The only really happy animal is the goat. He can eat anything.

Children cry for the moon and when they grow up they want the earth.

Open the door of your mind to good thoughts and evil ones will be driven out.

There are several things worse than disappointment in love, rheumatism is one.

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge.

A person is always startled when he hears himself called old for the first time.

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way, and the fools know it.

Little minds rejoice over the errors of men of genius as the owl rejoices at an eclipse.

Even a man doesn't like to have the preacher call when the house is all topsy-turvy.

People get wisdom by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh.

Neatness, when moderate, is a virtue; but when carried to an extreme it narrows the mind.

Life is a circus in which everyone takes the part of the clown some time during his sojourn.

Most men appreciate a joke much better when some one besides themselves is made a victim of it.—The South-West.

A Wonderful Lamp.

It is prophesied that present methods of illumination are to be superseded by a lamp nearly perfected by Puluj, of Vienna, one of the earliest experimenters on cathode rays. For fifteen years he has been working upon it. Not only does it generate intense Roentgen rays, but it also transforms nearly all of the energy of the electric current into light. Professor Ebert's experiments prove that a single horse power of electric energy would be sufficient to operate 46,000 Puluj lamps. Professor Lodge, head of the department of experimental physics in Universal College, Liverpool, says that "if mechanical energy can be converted entirely into light alone one man turning the crank of a suitable machine could generate enough light for a whole city." Puluj claims that his lamp fulfills this condition.

Feathered Fears in France.

All the feathered creatures in France, from the barnyard hen up, are in deadly fear of their lives. That is because the Government has just formally promulgated a decree empowering citizens to shoot sparrows on sight. As there is a considerable part of the community which does not know the difference between a sparrow and an oriole or an eagle, there is general panic in winged circles.

GIVE ME A LAUGH.

Give me a laugh, O World!
I care not for your tears.
Give me your broadest smile,
I'd live a hundred years.

And give me love and joy,
And give me kisses true;
Pelt me with roses red,
With laughter rippling through.

Pile high the fairest flowers,
And sing me songs all day,
Pipe on a hundred reeds
Life's happiest roundelay.

Give me a laugh, O World!
Away with frowns and tears.
With songs and joy and love
I'd live a thousand years!

PITH AND POINT.

A Kansas City woman has lost all hold on her husband since he has shaved off his whiskers.—Kansas City Star.

"She is a decided brunette, isn't she?" "Very. They say her husband can't call his soul his own."—Puck.

Doctor—"You're a long time paying my account, sir." Hardup—"Well, you were a long time curing me."—Boston Traveler.

Morgan—"Do you believe a woman will lie about her age?" "Shetland—"About it? Oh, dear, no; nowhere near it!"—Boston Transcript.

There's not a thing her beauty mars,
She has most all she wishes.
She loves to grasp the handle-bars,
But she will not handle dishes.
—Pittsburg News.

The millionaire who spent twenty-four hours in a 'Frisco jail because he spit in a street car must be thankful that he didn't have a hemorhage.—Buffalo Enquirer.

"Was it a restful place out at that country boarding house?" "Yes; in the parlor was a sign which read, 'This piano is closed for repairs.'"—Chicago Record.

Miss Summerleigh—"Do you think I read too much poetry?" Dashleigh—"Well, the great danger in reading poetry is that you may be tempted to write some!"—Puck.

With all respect to the hand that rocks
The baby in its cradle curled,
'Tis the hand that rocks the miner's pan
That just now moves the world.
—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Cumso—"Your husband dresses very quietly." Mrs. Cawker—"Does he? You ought to hear him when he can't find his collars, or his cuff-buttons become mislaid."—Harper's Bazar.

"If I should fall out of the hammock what would you do?" she asked. "I would catch you in my arms," he answered promptly. "Get ready," she said with feminine impulsiveness.—Chicago Post.

"Change," remarked the thoughtful man, "is the order of the universe." "And judging from the scarcity of it," said the practical person, "the universe is a long way behind with its orders."—New York Telegram.

Mr. Sharpsburg—"What do you think of Spitfire? Smart man, isn't he?" Mr. Millvale—"Oh, yes; he's a smart man, but he ain't no scholar. He spells elephant with only one f."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

New Woman—"Simply because a woman marries a man is no reason why she should take his name." Old Bachelor—"That's so. The poor fellow ought to be allowed to keep something he could call his own."—Judge.

"I suppose that Longshot will be too proud to speak to anybody when he comes back from the Klondike gold fields." "You can't tell," replied Mr. Sinnick. "It all depends on whether he is in a condition to borrow or lend money."—Washington Star.

"John," she said—and she looked at him rather sharply as she said it—"I have an idea that you didn't behave yourself very well while you were away." "How absurd!" he protested. "What in the world has given you that idea?" "Well," she returned in a quizzical kind of way, "I noticed in the telegram you sent me you had paid the regular tariff charges on the words 'excuse writing.'"—Chicago Evening Post.

Novelty in Cotton Pressing.

Probably more people go to see the round-bale cotton press than any other single object on the grounds of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition. Its fame has spread all over the country, and the people are anxious to see the wonderful machine in operation. The round bale system is far ahead of the old way of compressing cotton. The bales are small, compact, neat and easily handled. During the process of baling the fibre of the cotton remains in its original shape and when the bales reach the mills they are in splendid condition. They are not ragged nor torn; the cotton is not dirty. It is the wonder of all cotton men, and they declare it to be the cotton press of the future.

High Price For a Book.

The highest price ever paid for a single volume was tendered by a number of wealthy Hebrew merchants of Venice to Pope Julius II. for a very ancient Hebrew Bible. It was believed to be an original copy of the Septuagent version of the Scriptures, translated from the Hebrew in Greek in 277 B. C. The sum mentioned to Julius was $600,000, but the Pope declined the offer.